

THE WORLD OUTSIDE

By HAROLD MacGRATH

Thrilling story of a fight for \$7,000,000 and a beautiful girl's love by the author of "The Man on the Boat," "Luck of the Irish," etc.

Love—They Flurry Shouted It... "I wonder what will happen to me?"

She didn't want a husband! He didn't want a wife!

The Subconscious Courtship

Tableau Bancroft was stricken dumb by the pregnant question...

THE GUMPS—Put Down the Sand

13 MORE PRECINCTS IN THE RECOUNT SHOW A LOSS FOR ANDREW GUMP OF 10-VOTES LEAVING A PLURALITY OF 56-44-PRECINCTS COUNTED TO DATE

THESE THEY GO—MY CAMPAIGN MANAGER WAS RIGHT... THEY WAD A NEW ELECTION—EVERY TIME THEY RECOUNT A PRECINCT WHERE THEY VOTED UNDER A VADDOCT I LOSE—

HERE'S MY BRUTUS—WE WRITERS! ANDREW GUMP, THE INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE, LOST 10 VOTES IN 13 PRECINCTS—HE IS NOW HANGING ON BY A NARROW MARGIN—THERE'S STILL A CHANCE FOR THE PEOPLE OF THIS DISTRICT TO SEND A REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS WITH BRAINS—AND ABILITY—

I CAN JUST SEE THAT POISON MY GUY—ONE OF THOSE DYSPEPTIC BABES THAT A GUDA CRACKER IS LIKE COBN BEEF AND CABBAGE TO MOST PEOPLE—HATES HIS JOB—HATES THE WORLD—HATES EVERYBODY—

THEY CAN'T LICK ME—IF I HAVE TO GO FROM DOOR TO DOOR—THROUGH THIS ENTIRE DISTRICT I'LL SHOW THESE FELLOW'S UP—AND NEXT BELLEWON I'LL GO TO THE POST AND ALL THE RUBBER TREES IN SOUTH AMERICA WON'T MAKE ERASERS ENOUGH TO RUB OUT MY MAJORITY—

By Sidney Smith

SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Then She Turned Around

ALL RIGHT, GOODBYE!

GOOD BYE! THAT'S ANOTHER ONE DOWN! SEE IF I'M TO BE WATCH-DOG FOR HIS MISS MUCH LONGER I'D BETTER GET A COLLAR AND A BARK! ABOUT FIFTY SEE HIM PERSONAL HOUDS A DAY! GOSH I KNOW THE WORDS AN MUSIC BY HEART.

GOOD MORNING MISS—

MY NAME IS MISS O'FLASS, YES, IT'S A LOVELY DAY, AND THEY DIDN'T ADD ANY HEAVEN TO MY EYES—THEY GREW THAT COLOR—YES MY HANDS ARE WHITE AND SOFT—BUT MY HEAD ISN'T—NO I DON'T GO OUT MUCH EVENINGS—YES IT IS A SHAME—NO THANK YOU I WANT HAVE LUNCH—YES I LIKE CANDY AND VIO-LUTS—OH YES, I LOVE TO WORK—NO—

HE'S BUSY, HE ISN'T IN, HE'S IN CONFERENCE, HE DOESN'T WANT ANY, SALVE, SOAP BOOKS, SAMPLE HAIR-CLIPPERS, SHAVING DOGS, STOCKS, SOUP OR NEEDLES, DOESN'T NEED ANY NERVE TONIC, REAL OLD STUFF, WATER-CRESS OR PRANUTS, DOESN'T WANT ANY UMBRELLAS MENDED, PAINTS MENDED, TELESCOPES, SARDINE OPENERS, THUMB TACKS, CARPET TACKS OR TACK-LIFTERS, LIFT YOUR FEET—DON'T TRIP OVER THE CAT AND CLOSE THE DOOR QUIETLY.

VERY CLEVER, SISTER, NOW WILL YOU TELL MISTER SMITHERS THE MINISTER WOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM A MOMENT?

By Hayward

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she dislikes the silent typewriter since she can't hear a word of what she is writing.

TOMBOY TAYLOR



TOMBOY TAYLOR'S MOTHER CAME ALONG JUST IN TIME TO SPOIL THAT GAME OF FIRE DEPT. JUST WHEN THEY WERE IN THE BEST PART OF IT.

SCHOOL DAYS



WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNNING...

PETEY—He's Ready for a Steel Jacket



—OH, UNCLE PETEY, PLEASE DO ME A FAVOR AND STOP INTO MCGOON'S DEPT. ORDER ON YOUR WAY HOME AND BRING A PACKAGE THEY HAVE READY FOR ME—PLEASE



—I HAVE NO COMPLAINT ABOUT THE SIZE OF THIS PACKAGE—BUT—OH BOY, SHE'S HEAVY!—MUST BE FULL OF NUTS AND BOOTS OR SOMETHING—GEE—



—NEXT TIME I'LL ASK WHAT'S IN IT—AND NOT BOTHER TO EMB ANYTHING HEAVIER THAN A FEATHER OR A BIT OF FALSE HAIR OR SOMETHING—



—THANKS EVER SO MUCH UNCLE PETEY—I DID SO WANT TO WEAR THIS NEW STEEL JACKET—IT'S THE LATEST PAD

By C. A. Voigt

GASOLINE ALLEY—Getting the Dope



NOPE—NIX ON THAT STUFF!



BUT I TELL FORTUNE, ALL ABOUT LOVE—MAYBE LOTS O' MONEY—EVERYTHING.



AH! I SEE TROUBLE AHEAD AND A TALL BLONDE WOMAN—GOLD—JEWELS!



LOOK OUT FOR FRIDAY THE FIFTEENTH, AND BEWARE A TALL DARK MAN!

By King

Then her gaze strayed to Bancroft, there to Nancy; but the faces of the two were smiling at each other... "Catch!" she called, and gaily... "Why, it's a beautiful name!" said Nancy... "The incident is closed," said Nancy... "The window with the stars!" repeated Mary... "The window with the stars!" thought Nancy...